

Buck

COLOR PAGES OF
PARIS IN WAR TIMES
IN THIS ISSUE

WEEK ENDING JULY 24, 1915

PRICE TEN CENTS



MINED WATERS

Painted by Karl Link

S/11

Ruck

Intensify Your Pleasures Derive Greater Satisfaction from Living

Alois P. Swoboda shows you how to reduce the bodily and mental frictions and weaknesses to a minimum and how to increase the living power and pleasures to a maximum through the application of evolutionary principles to the cells and forces of the body consciously.

Alois P. Swoboda is teaching intelligent men and women the ideal principles of attaining and maintaining perfect health, greater vitality, greater recuperative powers, greater reserve energy, will power and life. He teaches how to increase your physiological power, psychological power and brain power. In fact, he teaches men and women of all ages how to be better men and women, more successful men and women and happier men and women. Many of the most prominent men of the world have profited through the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution.

The Swoboda System is based upon a deeper understanding and practical use of the laws of growth and evolution. **Alois P. Swoboda** teaches you how you may apply the principles of evolution to your own being and thus compel the creation of inevitable and natural reactions which will mean *unusual health, unusual efficiency, unusual vitality, unusual recuperative power, unusual reserve energy, unusual mental activity and unusual life thus an unusual realization of pleasure.*



**Originator of
Conscious Evolution**

WHAT OTHERS SAY

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."
 "When I began I was in the best of health, and doubted you could do me any good. Now I realize the truth of your statements, and feel that every day my cells are striving upward and outward for better things."
 "I can now see your course will mean thousands of dollars to me, and this in addition to the infinite pleasure of living life to the fullest extent each day."
 "You have improved my condition wonderfully in a short time. I feel I am living an altogether new life."
 "Am sorry I did not know of Swoboda System years ago."
 "Although 65 years old, I feel like I did at 40."
 "My body is developing at an amazing rate."
 "You have redeemed every pledge."
 "I thank you for your priceless advice."
 "At 73 I feel like a new man."
 "I am a new man in two weeks. There is a wonderful change in my feelings and looks."
 "Your system is fascinating and beneficial."
 "I never paid for a thing more willingly than your course."
 "I never felt better or stronger even as a youth."
 "My appearance attracts the attention of friends who have known me to be in the depths of despair physically and mentally for the past two years."
 "Your course is the most wonderful aid to the development of the entire body I have ever known."
 "Your course is worth many times the money asked."
 "My people have wondered at my rapid development."
 "I thank God for the man and his work."
 "Your course is the best investment I have ever made."
 "Your course is a veritable gold mine."
 "Your system put life and vim in me that was lacking before."
 "My doctor now thinks I am a wonder."
 "The world is beginning to look more cheerful."
 "Your treatment is worth far more than you charge."
 "I am more than surprised at the improvement your course has made in me."
 "My muscles all feel like they were alive and wanted action."
 "Your system is just as good as represented."
 "Money could not be invested in anything that would pay as rich a dividend as your system does in good health."
 "I believe your system has lengthened my life considerably."
 "Your course has strengthened my body and quickened my mind and made me feel 'fit as a whistle.'"
 "I am feeling quite high spirited."
 "My eyes are quite bright now, and people are telling me I look the pink of perfection."



**Men and
Women of
All Ages
Profit
Through
Conscious
Evolution**

If you are in the least interested in making a better human being of yourself, and if you are interested in intensifying your pleasures and improving your successes and decreasing your failures, you will most certainly be interested in the little booklet which Alois P. Swoboda has written and which explains his new theory of mind and body and their development.

This wonderful little book explains THE SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will startle, educate and enlighten you.

This book is not a dry treatise on anatomy and physiology, but on the contrary it tells in a highly interesting and simple manner just what you have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws for your own advantage.

This book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere, at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains new discoveries in evolution and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which are disclosed in this book. It tells what Conscious Evolution means and what it may do for you. It also explains the DANGERS AND AFTER EFFECTS OF EXERCISE and of EXCESSIVE DEEP BREATHING.

The Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution is offered on a basis which makes it impossible for you to lose a penny. His guarantee is startling, specific, positive and fraud-proof.

Write for this FREE BOOK and full particulars today before it slips your mind. Make up your mind to at least learn the facts concerning the SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION for men and women.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1294 Aeolian Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

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Puck
301 Lafayette Street, New York City

"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Puck

NATHAN STRAUS, JR., PRESIDENT AND PUBLISHER

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Our New Size

This issue of PUCK inaugurates a new size and a new shape. The pressure of requests from readers and advertisers alike have brought us to realize that we have in our new size a form more convenient and more readable.

With the change in size, we are inaugurating certain changes in make-up and contents, which will mark, we think, a very decided improvement. These changes are evident in this issue, and we would be glad to hear from our readers as to what they think of them.

It will be noted in this issue, as well as in the successive ones, that we are continuing, despite the war, to get over paintings and drawings from prominent foreign artists.

Ralph Barton in Paris

In this number will be found Ralph Barton's first impressions of the gay French capital in war-dress. After finishing his preliminary Parisian work for PUCK, Mr. Barton returned to this country. But the charm of the boulevards was strong upon him, and ere this appears in type, he will be on the high seas to become PUCK's regular representative in Paris. Since, of all the great European capitals, Paris is to-day the richest in possession of the picturesque, we may confidently promise a series of unusually interesting sketches from Barton's clever note-book. The maintenance of a staff artist in Paris during a period that will loom large in her history is but another evidence of PUCK's determination to give its readers a weekly service of unique artistic interest.

Shir Gar
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GRINAGRAMS

"Captain Al Sturtevant, who had rowed the race of his life, fell backward, but he caught the sides of the shell and saved himself until the haze had gone from his eyes."
—*Boat Race Report.*

Sometimes a college man studies himself into that condition, but when he does, he never gets on the first page. Whose fault is it?

Words are useful little things. For example, if it were not for the word "filmy," how would fashion writers ever describe a summer evening-gown?

The game wardens of West Virginia claim that the whiskey which Prohibition officers are pouring in the streams is having a demoralizing effect upon the fish. If West Virginia's streams are alcoholic, word should at once be sent to those celebrated rounders of the Deep, the Soused Mackerel, the Pickled Herring, and the Stewed Eel.

"The war has sanctified the baby," quoth a person in the Trouble Zone. Quite true. Babies grow up into young manhood and then they may shoot and be shot at. The commercial value of the baby was never higher.

"Oh, God, I did not want this war."—*The Kaiser.*

Napoleon used to feel that way about it, too.

An expert in top-piece culture says: "Treat your hair like a garden if you want to keep it." Sure. We weed ours regularly once a week.

"If women and girls cannot be treated with respect, the city should abolish the monkey-house."—*A City Magistrate.*

Now, Enrico, just see what you started!

"Back of every success, no matter how sudden it looks, you'll find a good, hard sweat."—*The Hon. Jess Willard.*

That of Admiral Peary when he reached the North Pole, for example.

Even in summer the theatrical press agent is unflagging. The report that a set of false teeth was found in a certain New York theater leads to the brazen inference that the owner laughed them out. Come again, friend! Can't you find some one's "split sides" under the seat?



GIVING HIM HIS FILL
THE BARTENDER: Say when, old sport

Here's an interesting question in morals. A woman passenger in an "L" train enters a complaint against another woman, opposite. The latter has "her dress too high above the ankles, and distracts the attention of men passengers from their newspapers." What paper should a man read in order to be proof against the allurements of ankles across the aisle? What New York paper is so genuinely attractive that no man would raise his eyes from it to look at the most nifty pair of ankles from the Battery to Yonkers? Is there such a paper? If so, write us about it.

A Chicago doctor tells mankind to eat alfalfa if it would be free of indigestion and the blues. Those who would like to try the doctor's prescription, but who hesitate to abandon their beloved beefsteak, may find an easy compromise in the fact that "all flesh is grass."

The Hillsdale man, who, after praying for a son, received his ninth straight daughter, has even so a bright side to look upon. If he will but count up his progeny, he will note that he has just enough for a "lady baseball team."

"England needs short, ejaculatory prayer as a Christian antidote to the German 'God punish England.'"—*Archbishop of Canterbury.*

If Lloyd George isn't too busy being Minister of Munitions, he might devote a little time to being Minister of Prayers. A shrapnel shell loaded with tracts would be a pleasing novelty in "civilized warfare."

There is a slight hint that the flyaway bow of gauze will be worn at the back of the neck.—*Fashion Stuff.*

A slight hint that a bow will be worn at the back of the neck! There are signs a-plenty that fashion-writing is rapidly approaching the paresis stage.

Ruck



THE NEWS IN RIME

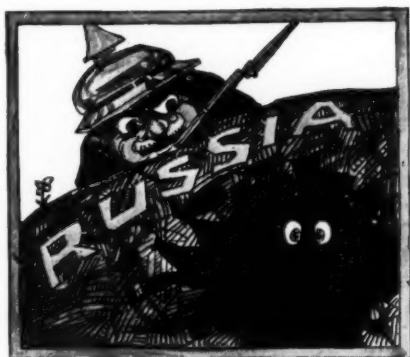
Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The State Department gave a watch
To its esteemed departed.
A voice suggests the Wacht am Rhine,
But that were cruel hearted.
The well-known serpent of the sea,
Was sighted off Seattle,
John Bull & Sons
Are making guns
And how the Giants rattle!

A caddie found his master's ball—
The only case on record.
Hen Siegel's new and forced career
Is striped instead of checkered.
Complexion drills are now employed
To standardize our blushes.
To talk with spooks
Is quite de luxe,
And Daniels sits and gushes.

The Head of Harvard spoke a piece
In which he said that mortals
Were most alive at twenty-five—
Oh Age, fling wide thy portals!
The newly-captured Jack Knife Fish
Will aid the naval forces,
'Twould do to rip
A hostile ship,
Why weep for our resources?



Our Captains of Artillery
Are joyously resigning,
To manufacture shrapnel shells
At prices past devining.
Such sentiments, to say the least,
Are deeply patriotic,
The smarter folks
Wear colored cloaks,
And Villa is chaotic.



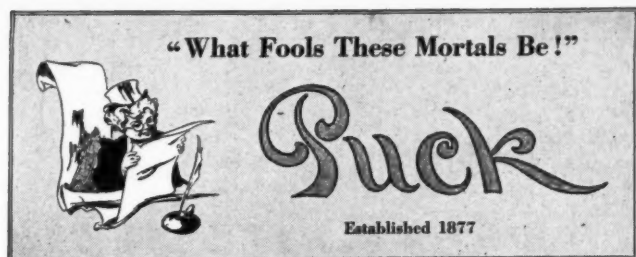
The scandal of the country's Crags
Was very purple reading.
Chas. Whitman's presidential plot
Needs quite a bit of weeding.
A dairyman who spanked his cow
Was tossed against a shanty.
The gent allowed
That he was cowed,
And news are very scanty.

Ungrateful Indiana, which
Was starved for some excitement,
Presented Thomas Taggart with
A double-edged indictment.
The Brooklyn subway magnates claim
Their seats will fit our angles,
In Boston, Mass.,
The chorus lass
Must dress in more than spangles.

The Bull Moose Party, which has been
Vicariously fated,
Asserts that rumors of its death
Are much exaggerated.
A dainty maid went out to swim
In clothes to shock Missouri,
Said she: "I swear
I've naught to wear!"
"Ten dollars," said the jury.







The Oldest Humorous Publication
in America — and the Newest

VOL. LXXVII. NO. 2003. WEEK ENDING JULY 24, 1915

"Te Deum"

SPECIMEN FORM FOR USE OF KINGS IN THE WAR ZONE

FOR ruined homes, for scarred and broken fields; for smoking waste where once were peace and plenty—

O, Lord, we thank thee!

FOR miles of hell on earth, for desert place and pestilence; for hunger, thirst and want—

O, Lord, we thank thee!

FOR writhing flesh and blood; for bodies torn and shattered; for dead men, open-eyed, on festering fields of battle—

O, Lord, we thank thee!

FOR shrines of useful toil, the farm, the forge, the shop, now all abandoned for the trades of death; for brutes, for beasts, in frames which once held men—

O, Lord, we thank thee!

FOR glory and for rape; for victory and the shrieks of children maimed; for pillage and for loot, and gray hairs wet with red—

O, Lord, we thank thee!

FOR news that stills the heart; for weak ones doomed to toil; for babes too young to know, but not too young to grieve—

O, Lord, we thank thee!

FOR Emperors and for Kings, Thy stewards here on earth, for whom exclusively the Twenty-Third Psalm was written and who therefore "shalt not want"—

O, LORD, WE THANK THEE!

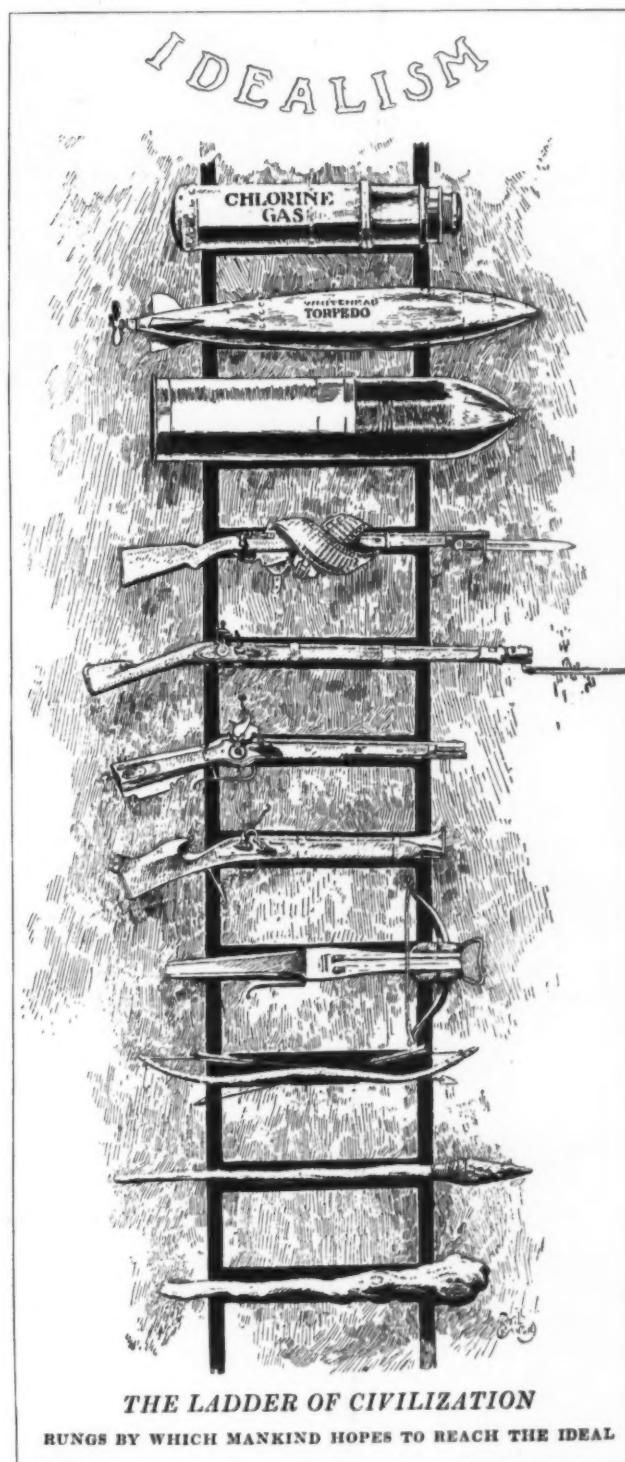
"Civilized Warfare"

THE steps by which "Civilization" is rising are well shown in this cartoon. After asphyxiating gases, the use of which we are told is in its infancy, for what can our high civilization hope next? "Civilized warfare" is a mockery, and it is just this that makes the seekers after real civilization realize that man will only be truly civilized when warfare is entirely abolished.

THOSE who maintain that warfare makes for high idealism, please look at the pictures printed opposite. Those who maintain that

warfare is needed to keep peoples virile, are recommended to study the depths of brutality which it awakens in them.

WAR is unnecessary. It will be eliminated with other barbarisms in time, but it can only be eliminated if we make up our minds to the fact that it is unnecessary, antiquated, and incompatible with the highest development of either the individual or the state. As long as we listen to those who try to convince us that war is admirable, necessary, or has one atom of good about it in any way, we postpone the attainment of that lasting peace which will be the first step towards true civilization.



Ruck

THE TRAGEDY OF A SLEEPING CAR

By Rupert Hughes

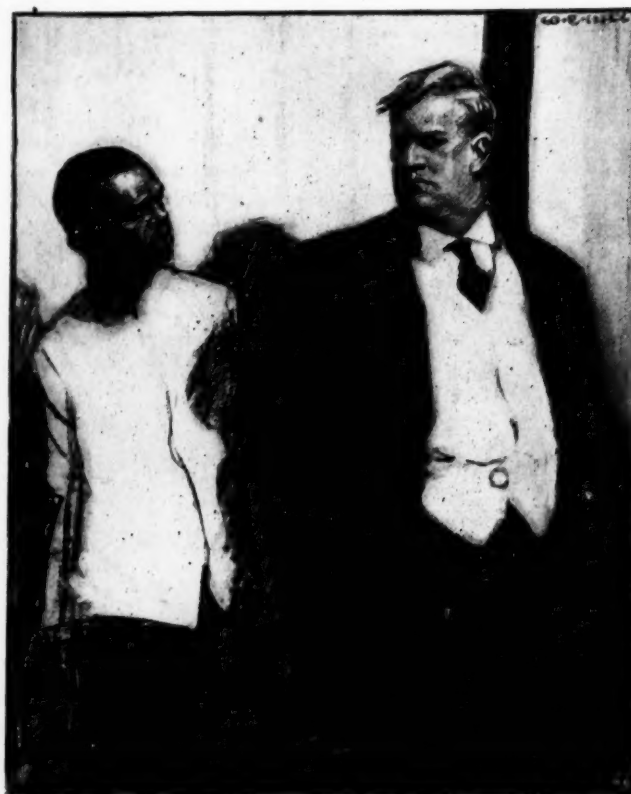
Author of "Empty Pockets," "What Will People Say?" etc.

THE porter of that car had haughtily ignored the hand-baggage of seven forlorn passengers, and left them to stumble up the steps and worm their way to their cells as best they might. It was hours yet before tipping-time came, and the porter always got out his cordiality and his farewell whisk broom at the same moment, knowing from long experience that the average American gives exactly the same tip whether he has been treated like a belted earl or a yellow dog.

But as the eighth passenger came along the platform there was a change in the manner of the porter. The newcomer bore down on the car like a battleship on the ways. He carried only a light hand-bag, but the porter leapt for it with a sign of sympathy and led the way to berth number seven with all pomp and ceremony, though he had allowed one consumptive girl to hunch a small trunk up the steps unaided and left a seventy-year-old grandmother to navigate her way alone with four bags, two hat-boxes, a bird-cage and a pair of twins.

The name of that sleeping-car was something characteristically euphonious, like "Wyxrockja" (Who names these sleeping-cars, anyway? and these race-horses and apartment-houses?) But though the name painted on that car was "Wyxrockja," everybody felt instinctively that the name should be changed at once to John J. Baynes, for that was the name of the new-comer. It was evident from the way Baynes marched down the aisle that that coach might as well have been his private car, and that porter his personal valet. He made the other passengers feel like intruders.

The other men in the car—if they could be called men in the presence of Baynes—crouched in their places, abashed, because they did not stand six-foot-three in their stockings and did not tip the scale completely over to the tune of 16 stone. Later they managed to slink into the smoking-room to escape comparison. Then Baynes loomed up in the smoking-



"I WANT TO BE WAKED UP AT 3 A. M."

room, and back again they slunk—or do you say slank? And they went to bed early, like naughty children, and hid themselves under those sleeping-car blankets which Bret Harte likened to great sections of cold buckwheat cake.

As for the porter, he was a mere straw of a man, anyway—a human whisk broom: worn to a shred by ceaseless hustling after the quarters of humanity. He was not only tiny—which was excusable; but he was red-haired and freckled—which cannot be forgiven in a negro.

After a time, Baynes pushed the electric button so far into its socket that it never came back. Everyone in that car recognized his touch, and the porter shivered as if he were himself the bell. He flew to the smoking-car, now monopolized by Baynes, who spoke the caressing murmur of a buzz-saw:

"Look here, you! I've got to get off at Taw Center."

"Yassuh!" said the porter, too much frightened to be silent.

"We get to Taw Center at 3.32 in the morning, growled Baynes, as if he were delivering a death sentence."

"Yassuh!"

"I want to be waked up at 3.00 A. M. I say 3.00 A. M. I don't say 2.59 or 3.01. I say 3.00 A. M."

"Yassuh, 3.00 A. M."

The words babbled out of the terrified porter's mouth as if he were a water bottle.

"At Taw Center I must change cars for Hickory Springs, where I open the season with my great Uncle Tom's Cabin combination. If I should get carried past Taw Center it would mean the loss of dollars to me."

"Yassuh!"

"Now, if you wake me up just at the time I said, I will give you your usual tip."

"Yassuh!"

"But, if you fail——" roared Baynes, in a way that turned the Ethiopian almost Caucasian. "In the baggage-car ahead I have four bloodhounds—and they love dark meat!"

"No, suh! Yassuh!"

Baynes finished a cigar that looked like a policeman's night-stick and smelled like the Chicago fire. Then he withdrew into his section like an elephant retiring into a jungle. Thereafter, when sleep had dared to chain him, there came forth from behind the drapery of his couch snores like the trumpeting of the same elephant. But, though the whole car lay awake for hours, none dared to curse over his breath or send the porter to give Baynes a jolt, or to throw at him the shoes of the stranger in the upper berth.

But at length all slept save the snore.

Now, that porter had been wont to lie down soon after midnight to take a little nap. Long custom had enabled him to wake up promptly at three. But on this night the porter dared not close an eye. He hardly dared to wink lest his eyelids stick together.

This porter was the hero of the famous "Put me off at Buffalo" episode, and ever since the terrible mistake he had made in ejecting the wrong man, he had lost his nerve.

To-night he must keep awake at any cost. Long before his usual hour, he

tiptoed through the car and gathered up the boots of the passengers back in the wash-room; he put down his little folding chair and gathered about him the motley array of shoes. Character studies of all—*ex pede Herculem*. Speaking of Hercules, the enormous brogans of John G. Baynes exerted upon the porter an influence like the relic of some potent saint. He sat and stared into their depths with eyeballs strained and starting out of their sockets. He seemed to feel them smiting him from abaft and propelling his spine through the top of his head. He laid on the blacking with the timidity of one polishing an infernal furnace with brimstone. When he had finished "the illumination of gentlemen's footwear," he had nothing else to do.

Then sleep came knocking at his soul, punctually at the habitual time of rendezvous. But the porter ordered her away. Sleep came back and clung to him. But the porter fought, wrestled, agonized. His fear so hypnotized him that he lost all knowledge of himself and all command. Fear charmed him, like a snake. And finally, as the bird of literature flutters

helplessly to the maw of the literary reptile, the porter yielded to the sweet bewilderment. The ebon of his eyelids fluttered over the ivory of his eyes for the last time. The black chin rolled on the brass buttons, and the porter was off to the Ethiopian Nirvan. At 2.46, fourteen minutes before the time to waken Baynes, sleep got him.

And now the car was silent, indeed. The hum and click of the wheels, the puff of the remote engine and the creak of the timbers, as of a ship laboring at sea, were all the noise there was. 2.59 came. 3.00 o'clock came. 3.01 was gone forever. At 3.30 the town of Taw Center stole up and paused for a moment; then slipped backward into the night; and none in the coach knew it; least of all the giant and his warder.

At 3.45 the porter woke. He yawned and stretched with wonted luxuriance and deliberation. His drowsy look roved leisurely about him. It fell upon a pair of remarkably large shoes. The porter rubbed his eyes incredulously and stared hard at them. He thought himself hoodooed or voodooed. Then memory awoke in his skull. He recalled the threat of the

night before. He seized his watch with frantic haste. One glance at it turned him fairly green. He was too much frightened for his teeth to rattle; he was lock-jawed with fear. He glanced at the shoes; they reminded him of the bloodhounds. Then he rose, with knees and teeth both chattering, and stole softly on the tipmost tip of his toes into the car, and on to number seven—that berth which meant death.

He paused just the eighteenth of a second, till he identified the snore that came briskly through the curtains. This gave him reassurance, like a stimulant, and got him safely to the rear platform. The "Wyxrockja" was the last car of the train, and it paid out the long track behind it like a tape, even to the horizon where the delicate brushes of the dawn were just polishing the black shoes of night.

The porter has given up railroading. He is now open to employment at odd jobs in an obscure village far from the line of the railroad. When he comes to a railroad track he shies and balks like a rural mule. For all he knows or dares to enquire, John G. Baynes is sleeping yet.



A WILY CONQUEROR

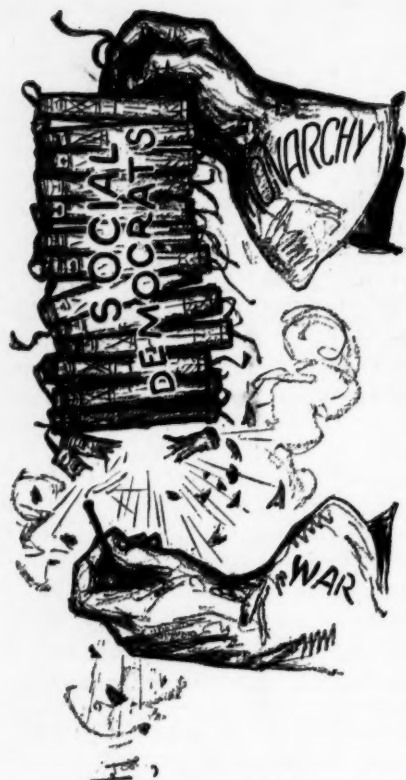
*Drawn by Rose O'Neill,
creator of "The Kewpies."

BEATRICE: Claude has jest ast me to attend de Follies wit him.

ANGELINE: When?

BEATRICE: Jest as soon as he gets money enough to buy a box.

ANGELINE: Gee! I could die for a man like dat!



EUROPEAN CRACKERS.

GETTING RID OF A BUNCH ALL AT ONCE

Plutarch Lights of History

THEODORUS ROOSEVELT

The old nurse of Theodorus, one having inquired of her in regard to it, is by many said to have set forth that at the moment of the birth of Theodorus a strange and, as the chronicler saith, a peculiar, and thus it is, comet appeared in the heavens, it being polyhedral, which the nurse of Theodorus explaining it to signify the manysidedness of Theodorus, as indeed it has been borne out, the tale is generally and widely credited, though some, as in every case, however veritable, doubt it.

Theodorus was born under Mars, Jupiter, Callisto and other stars. Yet it seems to me that it gains not at all to assert him, or indeed any person, to have been born under this or that star, since none is born above. "But," says Herodotus, "it appears that many eke their bread by doping out the heavens." So why belittle their means of existence?

In Gotham, in which place Theodorus was born, are extant many anecdotes of his juvenility and adolescence. When he was but three days of age, in his mouth there began to grow a set of molars and bicuspid, so that a famous wit is said to have remarked it to have been untoward there to have been no previous ruler similarly appellationed. "Why?" one that was near asked. "Because," this former one is reported to have answered to him asking, "we

might have dubbed him Theodorus the Tooth." And in that age that was deemed great repartee. Of his record in school and college there remains not enough to hinder or help the biographer. Having been graduated from one of these latter, he animadverted toward affairs of state in general and of his own State in particular. At the elections once, he was chosen Praefect of Police in the Province of Mulberry and "being an efficient one," writes Gilbertius, "he filled that office so care-fullee that now he is the ruler of the whole countree."

Many pages and books might be, about the deeds and prowess of Theodorus himself, he being as inspired and sulphitic a writer as he is a speaker; which, however, some assert to be faint praise, if any they thinking him to not be at either any great seismographic disturbance. Yet there be many to say that he is a great litterateur and a great orator and all concede him to be a great producer of talk on many subjects.

Many sayings are credited to Theodorus, such as "A whole is equal to the sum of its parts," and other things, the truth of which cannot, and perhaps never was doubted.

Theodorus also in hunting, great prowess and aptitude, as in fighting, showed; in fact, Theodorus showed all he had to show, being most versatile and a believer in publicity, as who, when the latter shall redound to his credit, is not? But they that sink thousands of sestertea in ads and get but scant returns from them, we find are less keen therefore. Thus is it with most things.

Georgia's Duty

The publisher of obscene literature has no place in your state, Georgia. Run Thomas Watson out.

A fomentor of race prejudice has no right in your common-wealth, Georgia. Run Thomas Watson out.

A man whose actions speak louder in condemning him than do even his foul words has no place in your midst, Georgia.

Run Thomas Watson out.

For Art's Sake

FRIEND: What? You're not going back to the stage this season?

GREAT ARTISTE: No. I have so many cash orders ahead for testimonials for piano players, hair tonics, bath soaps, massage creams, hair bleach, headache dope, champagnes, safety razors, cigarettes, life insurance and chewing gum that I can't find time for less important things.

The Surprised Party

Upon a recent evening a party of acquaintances invaded the parlor of a prominent citizen of the 'Possum Trit neighborhood, down in the Grand Old Commonwealth of Arkansas, with glad cries of "Surprise! Surprise! Surprise!" and other vocal paraphernalia germane to the happy occasion.

"Well, I'd 'known't is," a bit pessimistically replied the man of the house, sticking his head around the jam of the narrowly-opened door leading into the next room. "Wife' gone over to Timpkinsville to visit her kin-folks; three or four of the children are speckling out with something that looks to a man up a tree like the measles; the 'God Bless Our Home' motto fell down on our least boy's head a spell ago, and like to have busted 'em both; my oldest girl eloped last night with a gentlemanly agent that was a sorter passing among us; I hear tell that some feller is threatening to shoot me for something or other, I'd know precisely what; I've got a note coming due in the morning; my best coon-dog was stole last night—think the same agent got him that got my daughter; there ain't anything of consequence in the house to eat; I've just got through diluting my—ch—h'm!—limbs with liniment for the rheumatism and can't conscientiously put on my pants till it dries for fear of their sticking to 'em; and about an hour ago word came that I was in danger of being nominated for the legislature.

"So in view of all these facts, I can't truthfully say that it is any great surprise to have a surprise party sprung on me right on top of everything else, it 'pearing to be the custom of misfortunes not to come singly, but in squads and bunches. No, looking at it up one side and down the other, I ain't much surprised at being surprised on this date and in this manner."

In the old, bygone days when people disagreed they burnt each other. Now, they merely roast each other.



A CRITICAL MOMENT

THE DENTIST (to the parrot): Confound you! Haven't you sense enough to stop asking questions when I'm working in his mouth?

A Prohibition Pageant

Below is a suggested plan of parade or march of triumph on the occasion of a State, any State, going "dry." It is necessarily incomplete, lacking many of the details which a local management will readily supply, but in the main, we think, it will meet with favor. At any rate, we hope so. Here they come:

PLATOON OF POLICE

Wearing White Ribbon Uniforms.

BRASS BAND,

Playing, "It's a Long, Long Way to Topsy-turvy."

GRAND MARSHALL,

In Auto run by Dry Batteries exclusively.

ORNAMENTAL FLOATS:

Carrie Nation and her little Hatchet.
(Wax group).

With escort of live bartenders in chains.

THE FIRST WATER WAGON TO CROSS THE PLAINS IN '49.

With escort of reformed Alkali Ikes and Deadwood Dicks.

BRASS BAND.

Playing, "A Stein Under the Table."

ALLEGORICAL FLOAT,

Representing, "The Demise of the Free Lunch."

Characters represented: Pickled Onion, Bologna, Potato Salad, Pickled Beet, Olives, Cheese and Crackers.

RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON

Wearing wreath of Water Lillies and surrounded by circle of elderly maidens singing,

"Lips That Touch Grape Juice May Always Touch Ours."

BRASS BAND,

Playing, "Simon, the (Reformed) Cellarer."

CIVIC BODIES:

Delegation, Ancient and Honorable Order of Buttermilk; Loyal Legion of Milk and Seltzer; Grand Commandery, Sons of Fermilac; Past Grand Buns, Order of the Ex-Tanks; Raspberry Council, Nobles of the Mystic Sundae.

ANIMALS IN CAGES

(*Delerius Tremus Americanus*.)

Cage I—Pink Giraffes.

Cage II—Purple Zebras.

Cage III—Magenta rats.

Cage IV—Crimson elephants.

Cage V—Pea-green tigers.

Cage VI—Rabbits with polka dots.

Platoon of Keepers armed with rapid-fire seltzer bottles, ready for instant use.

BRASS BAND,

Playing, "Let Every Good Fellow Now Give Up His Glass."

HORRIBLE EXAMPLES:

Champagne Souse in Taxicab.

High-Ball Pickle in Hansom.

Rickey Jag in Livery Hack.

Beer Sozzle in wheel-barrow.

Assorted Souses, on Foot.

STEAM CALIOPE,

Playing, "There Ain't A Tavern in the Town."



THE EUROPEAN FLATS

LITTLE SWITZERLAND—Gott! What neighbors I have!

Warned

They—the two—were sitting on the rustic seat in the arbor. He had been wondering if he dared. Even the moon had begun to pay attention. Just then the young enamored edged up closer.

"Be careful, Mr. Jones," said the football girl. "I will have to penalize you three feet for holding."

The Minister of the Gospel is in the embarrassing position of being expected to say a good deal more than any ordinary man can say without being either a plagiarist or a fool.

Some men are born with a bump of caution, and some have to wait for hard knocks to raise one for them.

His Method

CONDUCTOR: This nickel is no good.

TOUGH PASSENGER: Knock it down, den!

The Family Skeleton

GRANDSON: Well, Grandpop, I've discovered that we are descended from a foreign nobleman!

GRANDPA HARDCRABLE: Wal, p'raps ye're right, Jimmy—but th' family's bin respectable ever since I kin remember!

A Warranted Suspicion

"My wife was arrested yesterday."

"You surprise me. What was the trouble?"

"She got off a trolley car the right way and a policeman thought she was a man in disguise."

Cinched

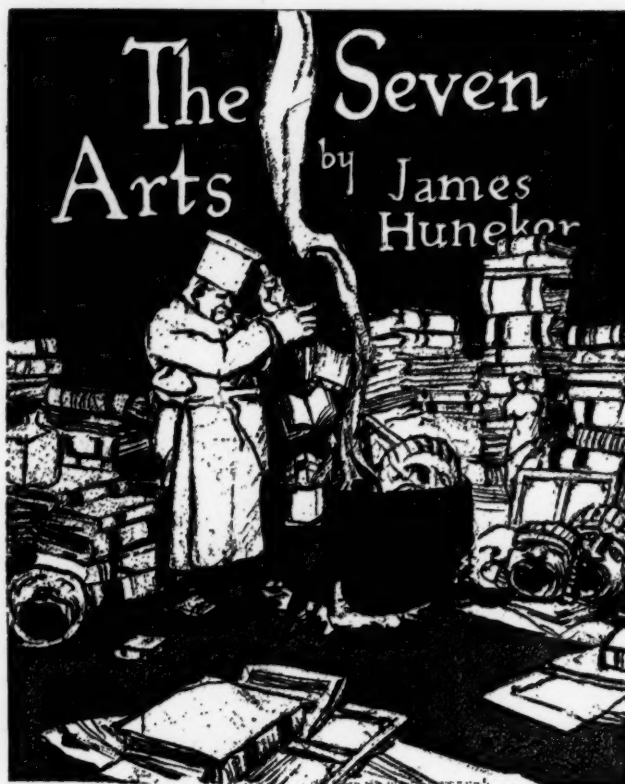
BRONSON: Do you think old Gimper's stenographer will win her breach of promise suit?

GORMLEY: No doubt of it. She has some extremely endearing epistles addressed to her, signed by Gimper. You know, the old man never used to read the letters she handed him to sign.

**Aphorism
or
Epigram?**

Just now the right of Free Speech is not as important as the right of Freer Speechlessness. Old Joe Howard used to tell the newspaper boys of his time that the man who could write a column of wit and wisdom every day wasn't yet born. If Mr. Howard had lived to read F. P. A. in the *Tribune* and Don Marquis in the *Evening Sun*, he might have revised his opinion; furthermore, he would have been forced to add to his category poetry. Despairingly I wonder how those two clever chaps manage to keep the machine running. Day after day they throw off verse and prose, suffused by humor and fancy and common-sense—the last is not the least negligible. And such verbal virtuosity. Thinking of the problem—the inexhaustible conjurous bottle, but filled with ink and ideas—I blew up the other morning immediately after breakfast, making a noise like a Blurb, and Gelett Burgess says a Blurb is a noise like a publisher. Now, the meal had been a light one—tea and a cereal. The ancient rime reads: Grapefruit for brillian-y; for profundity, sip chocolate. I don't believe either maxim. De Quincey declared that tea is the favorite beverage of the intellectual! Any observer will confirm this who has frequented Five o'clock or Tango Teas, for then the conversation is of a high order. Yet it couldn't have been the tea, nor the fact that the day previous I had been the first person to purchase a ticket at the Pacific Avenue station of the Fourth Avenue Subway, Brooklyn, on its opening. No, I'm not boastful about that. It must have been the "pent-up aching rivers"—as Walt Whitman would say—of accumulated reading the daily columns alluded to above. I sat down at my writing table, as wide as a well. I jammed on full speed, and here is what I wrote. Aphorism or Epigram? Or just plain hot-air—a windy reflex from other men's notions. Note the lack of continuity, a dangerous symptom of senility.

SOME people lose their ideals when their teeth begin to go. (What a retrogression is here, my friends.) According to Havelock Ellis, the basis of love is simply tumescence and intumescence. Tolerance is often a virtue of skeptics—but is it a genuine virtue? Good art is never obscene; the only obscene art is bad art. Even an angel in a nightgown may be obscene. (Pass this on to St. Anthony Comstock.) After the war is over it looks as if the Almanac de Gotha would change its name to Almanac de Ghetto—especially in Muscovia. Envy is only a form of inverted admiration. Joseph Conrad speaks of pity as a special form of contempt. We live too much on the surface of our being. A Scandinavian philosopher has said that we live forward, but think backward. Sorrow is the antiseptic of sick souls. Woman, said the Fathers of the Church (pretty shrewd psychologists), is the most potent engine of "dolor that God has given man." The French Revolution only de-



stroyed ruins; the social edifice had been tottering for a century before. Who was it proudly said, "My knowledge of thy knowledge is the knowledge thou covetest"? Peace on earth to men of good will and—fixtures. (Above all, the latter.) This is becoming a splendid embarrassment of stupidities. Samuel Johnson is one of the most perfect portraits in literature, the creation of a Scotsman, Jemmy Boswell—who is usually patronizingly referred to by callow critics. Without Boswell there would be no Dr. Sam—that magnificent old platitudinous plantigrade whose prose-style is a cenotaph, true cemetery English.

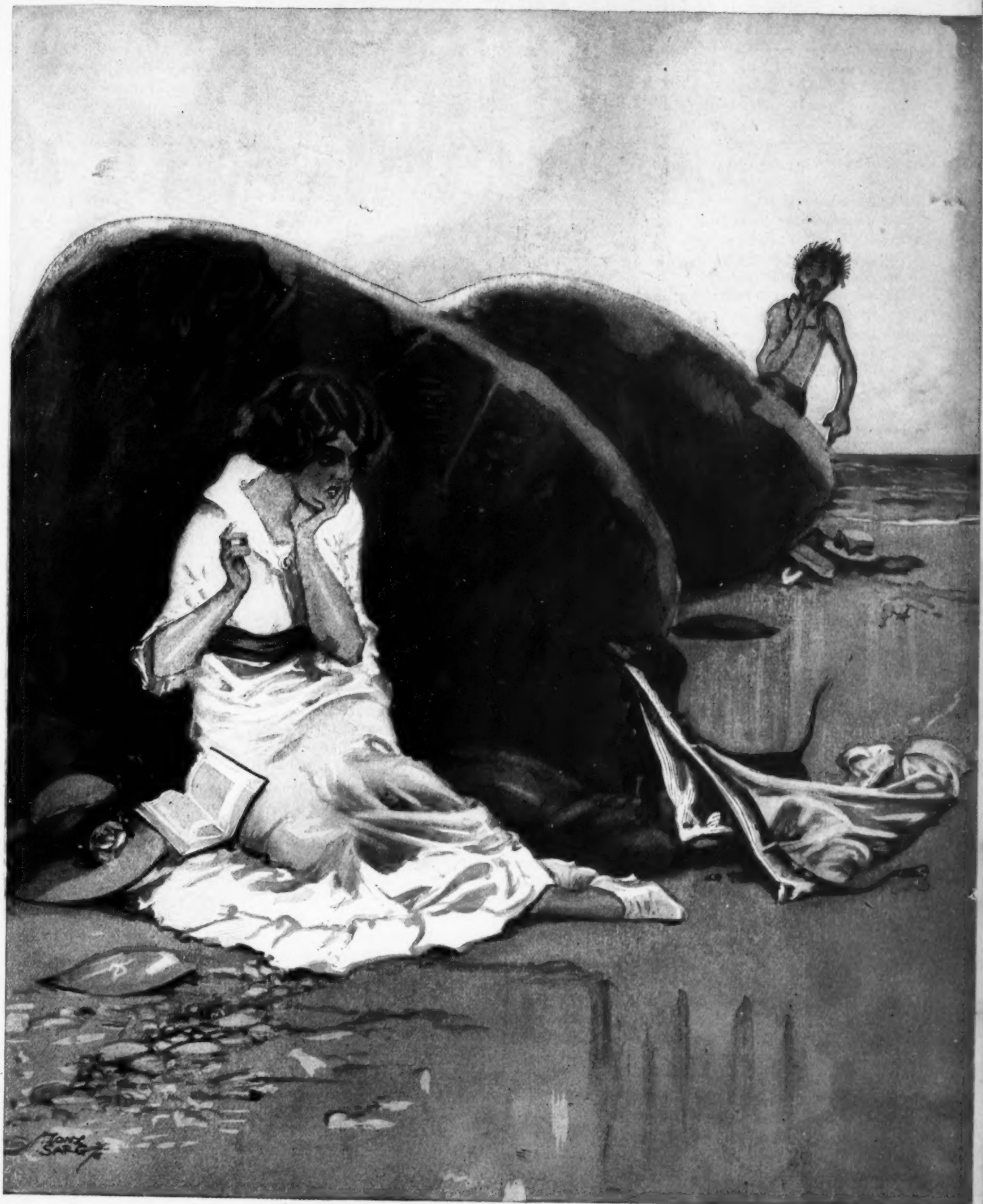
INTIMATE Friends are as a rule disasters. Mythomania is a mental malady that spares few. Its real name is religion. While

"The Brewer's Big Horses Can't Roll Over Me," because I watch my step at street crossings, neither can the Prohibition Tin Lizard Car fill my eyes or throat with dust. Walt Whitman may have been a yellow dog, but he had a golden bark. The major portion of American novels are written to prove something or other, yet the principal thing they prove is how poorly their authors write—(or typewrite). The truth is always original. Happiness is an eternal hoax. Only children believe in life. A moralist is the funniest thing on earth; also the most sinister. A delightful masculine convention is the morality of woman. (George Meredith has said this better.) Be virtuous and you will be bilious (venerable Hindu proverb). She was old enough to frankly gossip about her new upper set, but had not reached the age when she would admit that she was out of the marriage market. The average author is not unlike the average father; his first, his second book, he is interested in as is the father of a new baby; but after that he regards his growing family with indifference, if not with actual dismay. There is always a silent corner in the most sincere confessions of a woman. Life is the proof of thought. If you closely study a man you will discover that his marriage always resembles him. (What many-sided men must be polygamists.) In the chateau of chimeras there is nothing insignificant. Suspicion of a beloved one is like apoplexy; you may be cured after the first attack, but the second one is always fatal. This sounds like Paul Bourget. After 40 man only survives himself. No use, I can't keep this up. I am out of breath. I must stop.

A Sliding Scale For the benefit of young fiction writers let me suggest the following sliding scale in emotional values when describing young wedded bliss:

HE: The sympathetic reader, if married, will understand without further indication the time intervals of the various affectionate appellations.

"Charmed, I'm sure, Miss Pontifract."
(Continued on page 24)



LOOT

Painted by Tony Sarg

IF THE COOK'S TOURIST
WERE HERE —



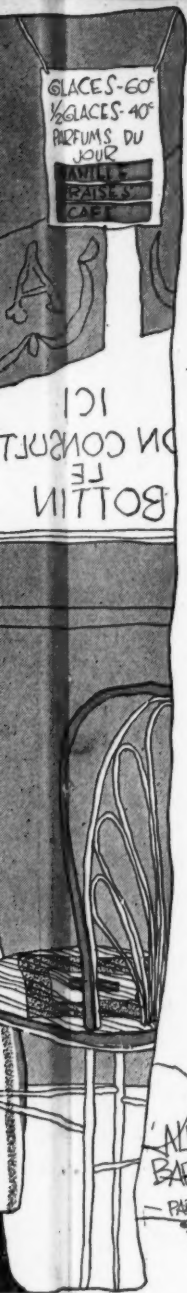
GABRIELLE ORDERS AN
EXTRA COFFEE TO HER
ABSENT ONE(S) IN THE
TRENCHES



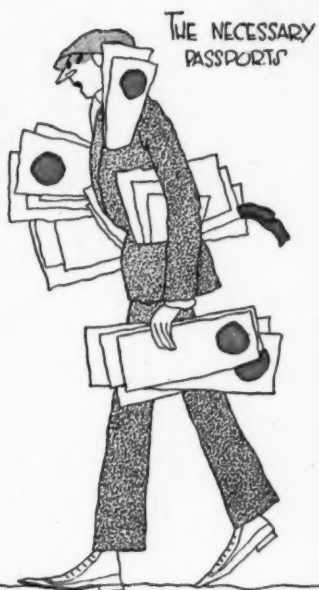
THAT NIGHTLY
ZEPP-TAUBE FEELING



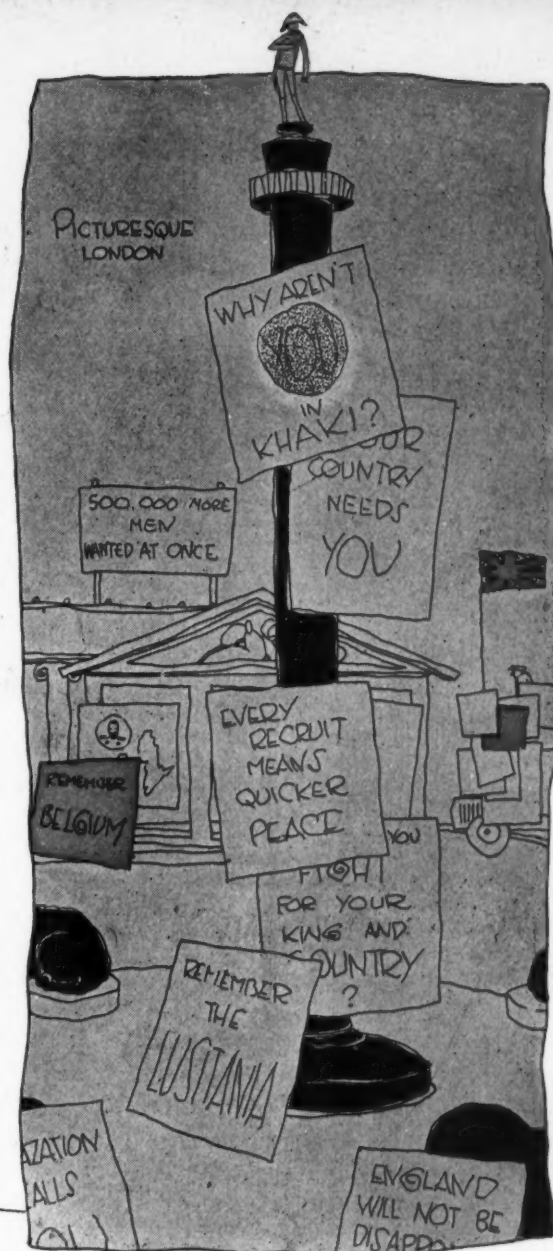
PARIS AND LONDON AS SEEN
Facts and Fancies from the sketch-book of Ralph



THE SEASON'S MOST POPULAR
SCULPTURE



THE NECESSARY
PASSPORTS



PROOF THAT THE GERMANS
DO HIT SOLDIERS
NOW AND THEN



LA MODE ON THE AVENUE DU BOIS DE BOULOGNE

AS SEEN BY A PUCK ARTIST

etch-board of Ralph Barton, now in the war-zone

THE IMMORTAL COQUETTE

By Richard Le Gallienne

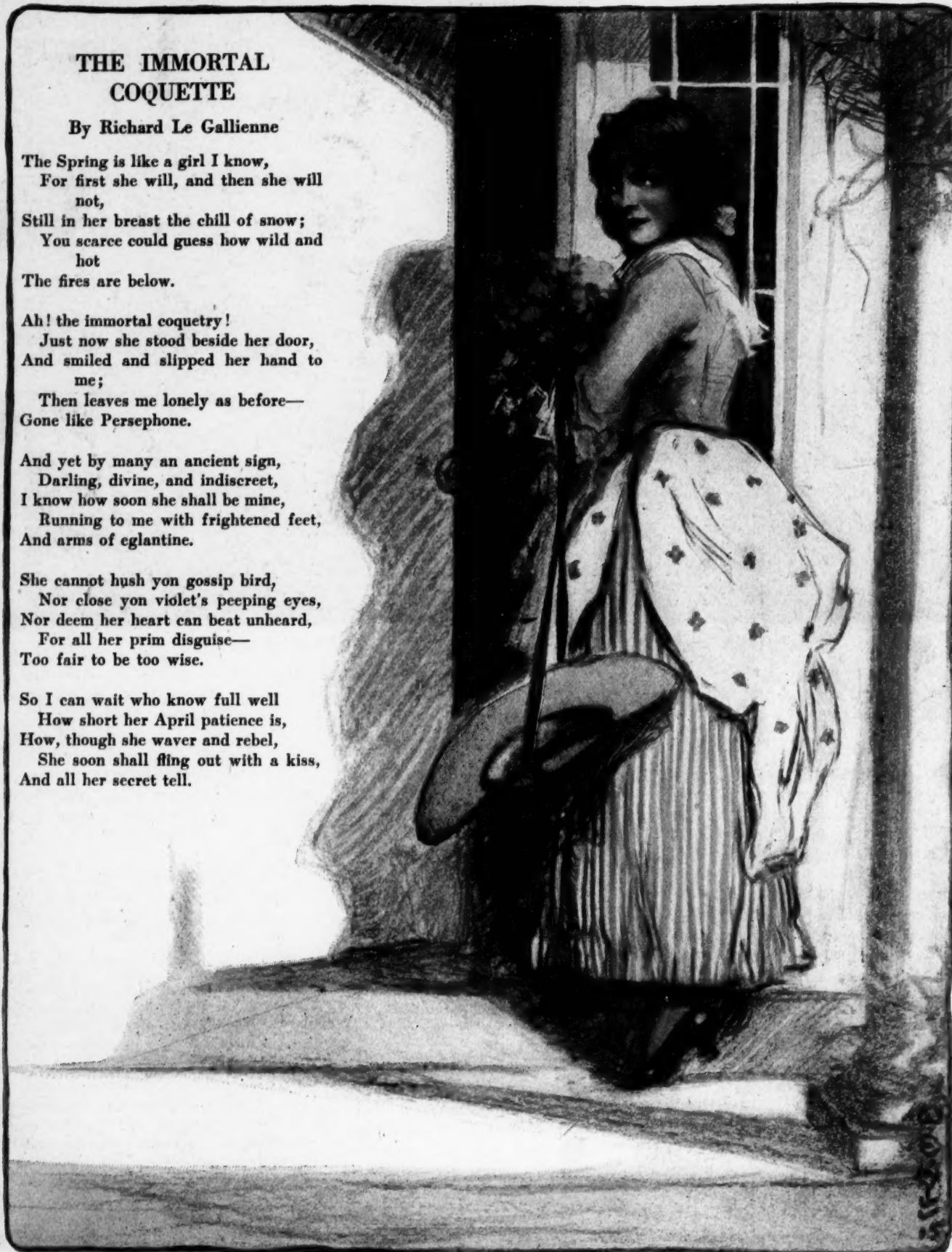
The Spring is like a girl I know,
For first she will, and then she will
not,
Still in her breast the chill of snow;
You scarce could guess how wild and
hot
The fires are below.

Ah! the immortal coquetry!
Just now she stood beside her door,
And smiled and slipped her hand to
me;
Then leaves me lonely as before—
Gone like Persephone.

And yet by many an ancient sign,
Darling, divine, and indiscreet,
I know how soon she shall be mine,
Running to me with frightened feet,
And arms of eglantine.

She cannot hush yon gossip bird,
Nor close yon violet's peeping eyes,
Nor deem her heart can beat unheard,
For all her prim disguise—
Too fair to be too wise.

So I can wait who know full well
How short her April patience is,
How, though she waver and rebel,
She soon shall fling out with a kiss,
And all her secret tell.



In time of peace prepare for war.
In other words, keep the taxpayer in
training for what he will have to go
through in the event of hostilities.

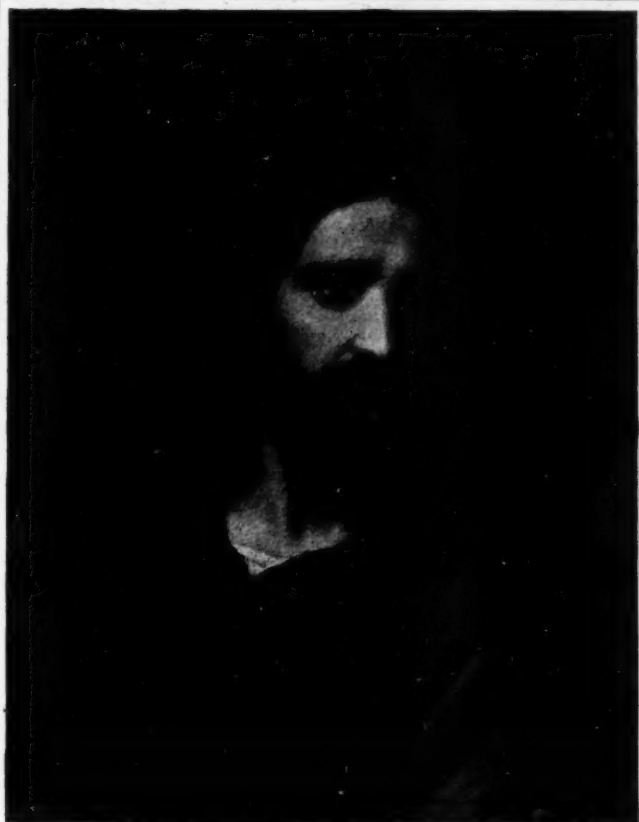
A grafter is a man who beats us to it.

There will always be heartaches un-
til people learn to distinguish between
the helping and the merely glad hand.

A chaste delight is seldom a chased
delight.

The great trouble with success is
that it rather spoils us for failure,
which is the chief business of life.

Many a man would be happily mar-
ried if it wasn't for his wife.



TO ALL WHO PRATE OF THE GLORIES OF WAR

For two thousand years the world has worshipped the gentleness, peacefulness and good will in one of these faces. Now millions of human beings, who boast themselves the most advanced nation in the world, are idolizing the bestiality and brutality expressed in the other.

Rollo Sees a Light

Rollo: Uncle George, in olden times, before the world was civilized, nations used to worship idols, didn't they?

Uncle George: Yes, my dear boy; they did.

Rollo: And they used to make human sacrifices to their gods, didn't they, because they thought their gods would be pleased?

Uncle George: Quite true, Rollo.

Rollo: What a horribly barbarous world it must have been in those times, Uncle George!

Uncle George: It was indeed, Rollo. Civilization and enlightenment had not yet come to it.

Rollo: Civilization and enlightenment—they are great forces, aren't they, Uncle!

Uncle George: The greatest forces in the world, my boy. But what makes you frown so and look puzzled?

Rollo: Oh, I was just thinking of something.

Uncle George: And what were you thinking of, my boy? Speak up.

Rollo: I'm afraid it isn't a nice thought, Uncle George.

Uncle George: Let me be the judge of that, Rollo.

Rollo: Well, I was just thinking how the Kings who now are fighting

one another in Europe all say they are waging a good and righteous war and that God is with them. Shall I go on, Uncle George?

Uncle George: Certainly, Rollo. Go right along.

Rollo: Well, now, if God is with each of them in this terrible war, where so many thousands of men are killed, it must be that the Kings think their God likes human sacrifices even more— Shall I go on, Uncle George?

Uncle George: By all means, Rollo.

Rollo: Even more than the old heathen gods did, before the world became civilized and enlightened. It looks to me as if the nations of the world were more civilized and enlightened when they were barbarous than they are now. How does it look to you, Uncle George?

Uncle George: It looks to me as if it might rain, Rollo. I think, perhaps, we had better go home.

✱

In Utah

NEW OFFICE BOY: Your wife wants you at the 'phone, sir.

MR. MORMONDUB: Boy, how many times must I tell you to get the name and number of the person who calls up.

A Fatal Defect

"I like Socialism fine," said the honest and apparently unromantic mechanic, "but I don't want to give up my Sunday paper."

"Give up your Sunday paper," said the agitator; "I don't see how Socialism is going to affect your reading matter."

"Maybe it won't yours," replied the victim of capital, "but I've got so accustomed to reading 'Snappy Doings in Smart Set; They Bump the Bumps in the Vandergould Dining Room,' and 'Mrs. Astorbilt's Gems: She has Enough to Fill a Wash Basin,' and 'Life Histories of the Eighty Peeresses Who Were Members of the Original Floradora Sextette' and all such like, that I dunno what I'd do if you was to remove the pampered classes."

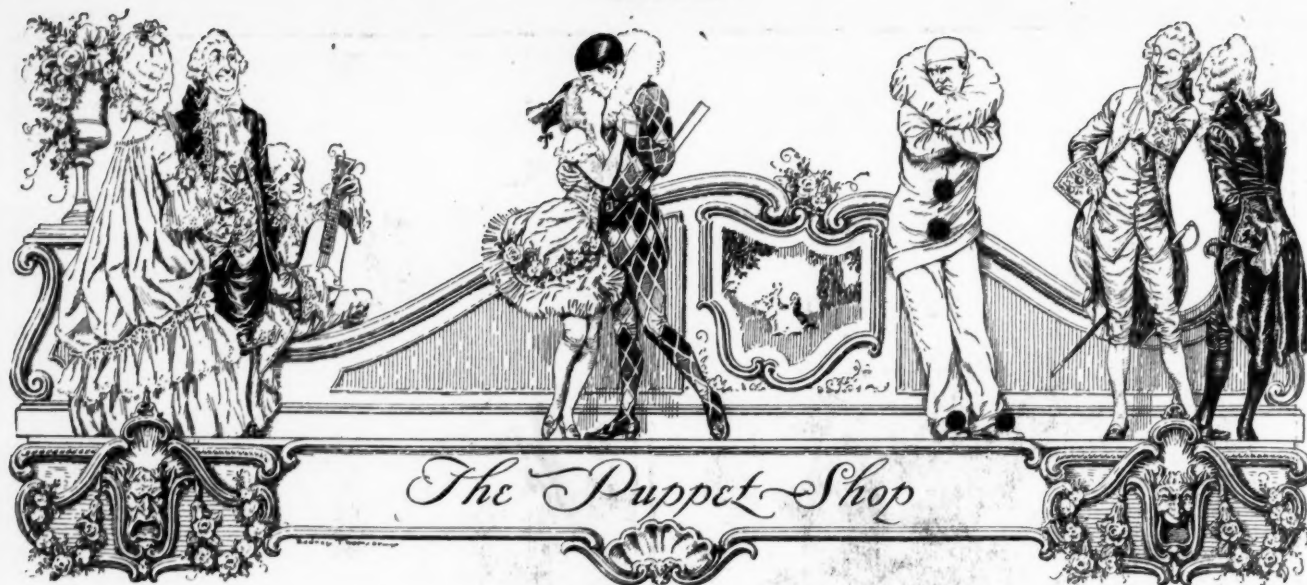
Profitable

VISITOR: I understand your son is making quite a success with his writing in New York.

UNCLE SI: Wal, I guess the most successful writin' Hiram does is when he writes home fer money.

✱

Considering how many millions of microbes there are, the competition among them must be tremendous.



By GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Menu of Comedy

Tripe
Spaghetti
Limburger Cheese
Pumpernickel
Grape-nuts
Dill pickles
Lemons
Macaroni
Noodles
Soused mackerel
Chop Suey
Hash
Pork chops and gravy
Wiener schnitzel
Frankfurters
Grape-juice
Horse meat
Squash

and

A small demi-tasse.

One night, at a great ball, a devilish Waltz met a little Two-Step. The little Two-Step was very innocent, despite her seeming worldliness, and proved an easy victim to the advances and wiles of the bold, sophisticated Waltz. * * * After a month had gone by, the wicked Waltz abandoned the little Two-Step. * * * And it is their illegitimate child that we have since come to know as Fox-Trot.

Moving Pictures. The place where bad plays go when they die.

Brieux. A Krupp gun firing spit-balls.

At last I have figured out why it is that the character of an orphan girl—such, for example, as that of Judy Abbott in "Daddy-Longlegs"—remains always one of the public's dramatic

favorites. An orphan, obviously, has no parents. This, equally plainly, reduces the number of bad actors in the cast by two.

Granville Barker has been hailed by many of my critical colleagues as something of a genius merely because he has removed the footlights from his stage. Mind you, merely because he has removed the footlights from his stage! If it be just to name Mr. Barker a genius for this, may it not be more than just to name some of our producers of Broadway double geniuses? They have removed from their stages not merely footlights, but acting and drama.

Managerial Theatrical Traditions

Tradition No. I—"The public hasn't ever cared and doesn't care about plays dealing with actors, stage life and the theatre!"

For Example

"The Critic"
"The Show Shop"
"Fanny's First Play"
"Zaza"
"Peg Woffington"
"Adrienne Lecouvreur"
"Mistress Nell"
"Trelawney of the Wells"

Tradition No. II—"The public doesn't no longer care about plays with trial scenes!"

For Example

"On Trial"
"The Butterfly on the Wheel"
"Madame X"
"The Legend of Leonora"

Tradition No. III—"The public hasn't ever cared and doesn't care about the kinda plays that end with death."

For Example

"East Lynne"

"The Climbers"
"Camille"
"Uncle Tom's Cabin"
"Trilby"
"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"
"Cyrano de Bergerac"

Tradition No. IV—"What's the use of putting on good plays? The public won't go to 'em, and you'll only lose money!"

For Example

"Androcles and the Lion"
"Candida"
"The Concert"
"Kindling"
"Caesar and Cleopatra"
"Peter Pan"

Speaking in a general way, an emotional actress may be described as one who is successful in kindling and exciting the emotions of an audience. The emotions usually so enkindled and excited by the emotional actress are as follows:

1 to 6 inc.—To throw something.

Character Actor. Any actor who is expert in preventing a false moustache from coming off.

The difference between the circus and our average American thesis play is simply this: the circus is only *part* sawdust.

It would seem from our local woman-ridden drama that what's sauce for the goose is divorce for the gander.

Amateur Actor. One who, through lack of experience, is less skilled in giving bad performances than a professional.

Ruck

Following are the ten most important events of the theatrical season of 1914-1915, estimated from a careful and diligent study of the dramatic departments of the New York daily newspapers covering the period specified:

November 15, 1914—Mrs. Castle bobs her hair.

November 26, 1914—Mrs. Castle is threatened with appendicitis.

December 12, 1914—Fred Stone announces that in the twenty years of his partnership with Dave Montgomery, they have never had a single quarrel.

December 28, 1914—It is reported that Mrs. Castle and her husband have had a misunderstanding.

December 29, 1914—The report that Mrs. Castle and her husband have had a misunderstanding is denied.

January 11, 1915—At the banquet given in honor of Granville Barker at Sherry's, Granville Barker informs the assemblage that he loves his wife.

January 28, 1915—Mrs. Castle sets a new fashion by wearing a white wig.

February 16, 1915—Mary Pickford is reported to have received a big raise in salary.

March 10, 1915—Mrs. Castle is laid up with a bad cold.

April 19, 1915—Lillian Russell attends the première of "The Hyphen" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, and is loudly applauded when she takes her seat.

The Dramatic Critic's Correspondence School

FIRST LESSON

HOW TO TELL A BAD PLAY

1. Enter a Broadway theatre at the height of the season.
2. Sit down.

Stock Exchange Abuses

Mr. Samuel Untermyer testifying before the Committee on Corporations of the New York State Constitutional Convention made the following statement:

"The Stock Exchange has been in existence for one hundred years, and yet until after the Pujo Committee reported there never was a line in the statute books to check the carnival—I would almost say orgy—of corruption and swindling that has marked its history.

Some of our so-called leaders of finance—or buccaneers of finance—have realized millions from false quotations due to the dishonest manipulation of securities."

The facts here stated by him are generally known—so generally known in fact that we often do not stop to realize that they can be remedied. We assume the same attitude toward the abuses of the Stock Exchange that we do towards the heat of the summer.

If we would realize that the abuses of the Stock Exchange can be ended, that they have no essential connection with the usefulness of the Stock Exchange itself, we would get up and do something about it, despite the sophistry, the pleadings, the expostulations and the prayers of those who for years have fattened themselves on the ignorance of the Wall Street lambs and the indifference of our lawmakers who are supposed to be their shepherds.

Disenchantment

In converse o'er the telephone
Upon my heart she scored;
But when I met her face to face—
Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!



ON THE HONEYMOON

THE BRIDE: Do you think the people here suspect we are newly married?

THE GROOM: No; we've fooled them completely. In fact, half the people here imagine we are not married at all.



AN AFFAIR OF HONOR

FARMER SWETT: You say you belong to the army of the unemployed? Well, my friend, I guess I kin give you something of a job to-day.
THE WANDERER: What! An' have me be a deserter from de army? Ye don't know military ethics, do ye?

Professor Nearing's Crime

Professor Scott Nearing has a way of expressing his views on social subjects, which makes him a very disturbing factor in the life of a community. It is no great wonder that the University of Pennsylvania cast Professor Nearing adrift. The University of Pennsylvania is full of students, most of whom at an impressionable age, and, when the young mind is in that state, it is unwise to bring it in contact with disturbing factors.

Take, for instance, the following quotation from an article by Professor Nearing. We quote but briefly, but it is enough:

"Last year our farmers harvested \$9,000,000,000 worth of agricultural products, yet in every industrial center of the land, many people are not comfortably fed or housed."

There is lots more, but it is along that general line of expression. To use a favorite remark of many distinguished Stand-patters, Professor Nearing's views are "destructive" rather than "constructive." He would "pull down the barn to get rid of the rats." He steers people—and particularly young people—along paths that lead inevitably to "the gospel of discontent," which, as every conservative person will tell you, is a very demoralizing gospel, indeed, and one which certainly has no place in the curriculum

of a great Eastern university, especially in a State guided by that safest and sanest of conservatives, Senator Penrose.

Why everlastingly look on the black side of things? Is that any way to be happy? If our farmers harvested a \$9,000,000,000 crop last year, why go moodily into the city slums in search of the resultant affluence? The correct thing to do is to laugh some reference to prosperity and then spring the old one: "Well, all the farmers are now riding around in automobiles." Which may or may not be true, but which at all events is cheery, optimistic doctrine, and a long way from the pernicious gospel of discontent.

As for Professor Nearing, we even dare say he could throw cold economic water on our present billion-dollar balance of trade, claiming that despite it there are people in every industrial center who "are not comfortably fed or housed." Professor Nearing has never learned to look at the doughnut rather than at the hole. And to be able to do this is the first principle of economics and social science—at any supersensitive seat of learning.

We who are not famous should not plume ourselves on that. In addition to the gems of purest ray, the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear also a quantity of rubbish.

Knock

When you find a man that's rising
From the plane where once he stood,
One who shows a zeal surprising
At doing something good,
Don't cover him with praises—
He might not bear the shock—
Besides, such acts are crazes—

KNOCK

When you find a lodge man truly
Fraternal at the heart,
Do not laud him up unduly—
You only know a part;
He may be office seeking—
A game you'd surely block—
Be sure it's something sneaking—

KNOCK

When you find a wife that's loving,
A husband that is true,
Then remark that "turtle-doving"
Seems quite absurd to you;
Devote your time to sneering
About the "good home flock,"
At every word endearing

KNOCK

When you find a club that blesses
Its home community,
One that everybody guesses
Is just what it should be,
Don't join their senseless ardor
But all their transports mock—
Just grab your hammer harder—

KNOCK

When at last you cross the border—
For cross it all men must—
You'll find the Knocker's order
With little pains, I trust.
Go down through thorn and thicket,
And mud and slimy rock,
And there, at Hades' wicket,

KNOCK.

Pittsburg Mythology

PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRE: There's a swell copy of "Diana's Hunt."

HIS FRIEND: So? Who the deuce was Diana, anyhow?

PITTSBURG MILLIONAIRE: What? And you visiting New York most every month? Why, Diana's the fairy doing the pose on Madison Square Tower!

No Nerve

CHUGGERTON: How's your chauffeur?

CARR: Had to fire him;—he used to be a motorman.

CHUGGERTON: Too reckless, eh?

CARR: Reckless nothing! Why, I couldn't break him of the habit of slowing up at crossings!

The Obstacle

Opportunity looked sadly perturbed.
"There are forty-seven or more people in that apartment house upon whose doors I ought to knock, but—the janitor won't let me in!"

Hubbley Goes Shopping

Mrs. Hubbley had to have a new corset. She could not get away from their suburban home, being compelled to stay at the bedside of the sick little boy, and so she asked her husband if he would not go to a department store and purchase the corset for her.

"It will be perfectly easy," she assured him. "Just ask the way to the corset department, and then tell one of the salesladies that you want a B. X. corset, long straight front, cut high on the sides, and— Wait a moment, though. I will cut a picture of it from an advertisement, and you may simply show that to the saleslady, and she will know just what you want. Remember, though, that the size is 19."

"Oh!" Hubbley replied, "that will be easy enough. Never mind about the picture of the fool thing. I guess I've matched enough ribbon and bought enough thread in my time to know how to handle this case."

That morning Mr. Hubbley made his way to the department store, and asked the floorwalker to direct him to the corset counter. He followed instructions, and found himself in a section of the store that was filled with women. There were corsets of all kinds, makes, styles, and sizes on every side. They varied from the severely plain to marvels of lace, ribbon, and color. Catching the eye of a saleslady, Mr. Hubbley leaned over the counter confidentially, and murmured: "I want to get a corset."

He purposely spoke in a low tone, yet it seemed to him as though his voice reverberated throughout the entire building. A great wave of uneasiness swept over him. All these people were looking at him, he knew.

"What is it, sir?" asked the saleslady.

"A—a corset."

"Yes, sir. What size?"

"Why—er—er let me see. I want a corset for a lady twenty-eight years old. She's a little bigger than you, but taller."

"Don't you know what size she wears?"

"N-not exactly. It's for my wife," he assured the girl in low and earnest tones. "I believe she said it was a five-dollar size."

"But they don't go according to price. The waist measurements regulates the size," the saleslady explained, pityingly, and with no attempt to conceal it.

"Wait a minute. She said she wanted a B. X. corset, cut low in the back, with a straight side, and high in the front, and nineteen inches through."

"I don't believe," replied the girl,

repressing a giggle, "that we have any corset of that description."

"It was something like that, anyway. Can't you give me one that approximates these dimensions?"

"Maybe you could pick out what you want from the samples on display."

Hubbley thought that a good idea, betook himself to the cases. He felt like a man caught in the front row at a burlesque show, when he had given out information that he must attend a class meeting. Everybody about him, he knew, was wondering what manner of man he was, and why he should be there. In the midst of a lot of bashful reflections he saw a corset that appealed to him as a thing of symmetry and grace.

"This looks like it," he told the saleslady, pointing feebly. "That one is \$128," she told him.

"A hundred and twenty-eight!" he shouted, and this time everybody did look at him.

"Now, look here," he said to the girl. "My wife wants me to get her a corset. She weighs a hundred and thirty-

two pounds. Can you figure out anything from that?"

The girl went back of the show-cases, pulled out one box after another, and at length found a corset which seemed to her to be what Hubbley might want. She unrolled the thing, wrapped it neatly about her waist, and turned to his horrified gaze.

"Does this look like it?" she calmly inquired.

"Good heavens, woman! Take that thing off? W-what would people think?"

"My dear sir, I simply wanted to show you the general effect of the corset. You see, it is cut quite low, and has the long straight front effect, and"—turning around—"over the —"

But Hubbley was gone. Rushing through the crowd of shoppers, he found his way to the main entrance. Before he reached the open air he passed the book-counter whereon was displayed "Health and Grace for Woman—The Disfiguring Corset. Special To-day at 89 cents."

Hubbley paused long enough to purchase a copy.



AT THE ZOO

THE POLAR BEAR: POOF Cinnamon! He let the peanut habit get the best of him.

THE BLACK BEAR: How sad! But are you sure?

THE POLAR BEAR: Certain. Why, he's got so low he'll turn a somersault for a single nut.

"Kultur" at Annapolis

A by-product of the investigation at Annapolis is the discovery that hazing is by no means as defunct there as the authorities had thought it, the authorities as usual being the most innocent and unsuspecting old dears in captivity. Some day, hazing of the Annapolis sort will be handled without gloves, and then it will be stopped. It will not be stopped because of Uncle Sam's soft-hearted consideration for a plebe, but because Uncle Sam considers each young man at the Annapolis Naval Academy as an investment in which the people of the United States have put money, and on which money they expect a return.

Some of the fool things which go by the name of hazing at Annapolis are quite capable of creating by strain or exhaustion a permanent physical weakness in the body of the boy so hazed. He himself might be the very last person to admit it, but that wouldn't alter the fact. Uncle Sam has a proprietary interest in every middie at Annapolis, and any person whose notion of fun is to make a middie less physically efficient, or less likely to be of service to his country in time of stress, should be treated with as stern justice as the fool or knave who deliberately damages one of Uncle Sam's expensive guns or purposely lames an artillery horse. A man is still a valuable asset in warfare, especially a trained man, and when Uncle Sam is paying for his training and paying the best prices, he ought to make it hot for anybody who prevents him from getting all he pays for.

If hazing is the beginning of a sort of Americanized "kultur," there is no better time than the present to put it where it belongs.

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25c. in stamps.

C. W. Abbott & Co. Baltimore, Md.

Mere Detail

SHE (at the recital): He's been divorced three times, wears silk under-clothing winter and summer, won't trim his finger-nails on Friday, and—

HER FRIEND: What's he playing now?

SHE: You must think I know everything! Here's the programme.

His Reward

ALGY: What did your father offer?

CHOLLY: Said if I raised Cain, he would give me an equal amount.

Just So

THE SALESMAN: Now, here, sir, is the real thing in men's hose!

THE OLD CODGER: Young man, the real thing is never found in men's hose.



The Price of Progress

THE Panama Canal stands as one of the most marvelous achievements of the age. Into its construction went not only the highest engineering skill, but the best business brains of the nation, backed by hundreds of millions of dollars.

Suppose conditions not to be foreseen made it necessary to replace the present canal with a new and larger waterway of the sea-level type, to be built in the next ten years.

Also suppose that this new canal would be the means of a great saving in time and money to the canal-using public, because of the rapid progress in canal engineering.

This sounds improbable; yet it illustrates exactly what has happened in the development of the telephone, and what will certainly happen again.

Increasing demands upon the telephone system, calling for more

extended and better service, forced removal of every part of the plant not equal to these demands. Switchboards, cables, wires and the telephone instrument itself were changed time and again, as fast as the advancing art of the telephone could improve them.

It was practical to do all this because it greatly increased the capacity of the plant, reduced service rates and added subscribers by the hundred thousand.

In ten years, the telephone plant of the Bell System has been rebuilt and renewed, piece by piece, at an expense exceeding the cost of the canal.

Thus the Bell System is kept at the highest point of efficiency, always apace with the telephone requirements of the public. And the usefulness of the telephone has been extended to all the people.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy One System Universal Service

Cartoons and Caricatures by

Hy
Mayer

We have just issued a limited edition of Hy Mayer's more notable contributions to PUCK. This portfolio measures 21 x 14 inches, is bound in boards, and contains twenty-four full page plates on special paper, including four in full color. A copy will be sent prepaid to any address on receipt of \$2.50.

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 301 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK

"Mulcted"

Quoting from the *Evening Post*, this is the sort of thing that brings Wall Street into disrepute throughout the country:

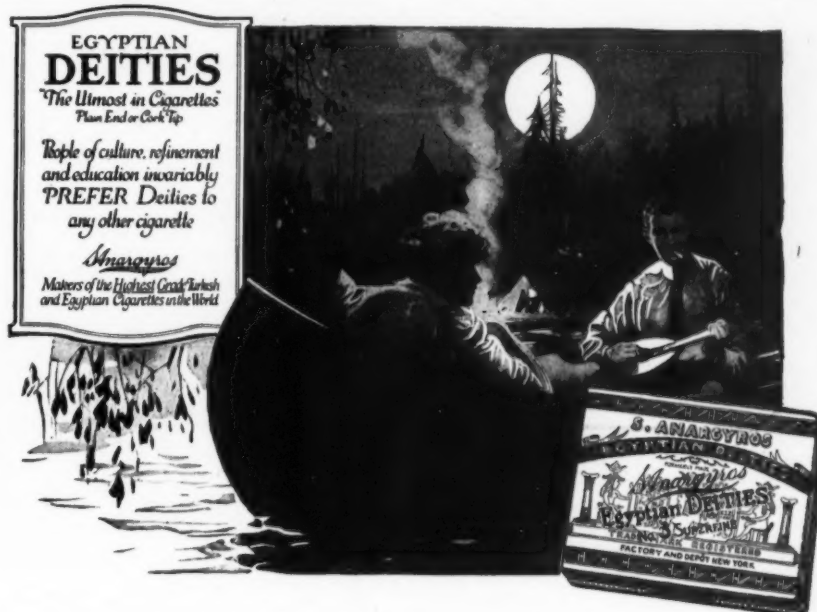
The United States Rubber Company has eighteen directors. It would be interesting and illuminating to know how many of the eighteen were aware, weeks beforehand, that the common dividend would be passed yesterday afternoon. Then it would be illuminating to know, further, what the holdings of each of a few directors were at the opening of the year, when United States Rubber was 52; what each of their market purchases were during the advance to 74½ in April; and what each of their subsequent sales were, before the plunge.

This presents one phase of the question. Still another phase is shown in the following paragraph:

From below 52 at the opening of the year Rubber rose to 74½ in April, on seductive promises regarding the dividend. Tom, Dick, and Harry were besought to buy, and did buy. To-day the stock was 44¼. Rock Island, in its condemned performance, advanced 21 points and fell 24; United States Rubber advanced 28 and has fallen 30. No fictitious transactions—wash sales and matched orders—are permitted on the Stock Exchange. So say the governors. Still, investigation and disclosure of some recent episodes, if the Exchange authorities were so minded, might modify a bit the feeling which has grown up among those disgusted outsiders who were mulcted in Rock Island, Federal Smelting, United States Rubber, etc.

Note the satire, the frank use of the word "mulcted" and the general tone of this article from a paper traditionally friendly toward you, Oh ye Governors of the Stock Exchange, and you will understand the growing disgust with Wall Street throughout the country. Puck is not a muckraking magazine, and does not believe in muckraking methods. There are honest men, of course, in every profession, and there are crooks in every walk in life, and there is no reason to suppose that the percentage of dishonest men is greater in Wall Street than in other branches of business. But there is this difference. In every other kind of business dishonesty, crookedness, and cheating are discouraged by common consent, frowned upon by the leaders of the particular business as a whole, and made legally punishable. In Wall Street, dishonesty and particularly cheating of outsiders is winked at by the members of the Exchange, deliberately encouraged on the part of the Governors of the Exchange as evidenced in their treatment of offenders, and apparently entirely ignored by the criminal laws of the United States.

When the *Evening Post* is disgusted with you and your dealings how do you think, Oh Wall Street, we, the outside public, feel?




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TO MAN

THOSE who are truly temperate know that a mild and honest brew like Budweiser, of American Barley and Bohemian Saazer Hops, makes for the temperance of nations. Budweiser delights the palate and aids the digestion of food. Health, strength and vigor glow and sparkle in every glass. It is pre-eminently the home drink of the American people. Its sales exceed any other beer by millions of bottles.

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The introduction to the hospitable board can be achieved under no more auspicious circumstances than through the medium of Club Cocktails. It is the right start that portends a successful end.

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Ross-Gould, 458 N. 9th Street, St. Louis.

Ross-Gould Mailing Lists St. Louis

The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

"May I dare to call you—Eloise?"

"My own, my 'itty' one, my baby girl."

"My darling, my wife."

"Yes, but my dear girl——!"

"Nothing of the sort, madam!"

"My good woman, just run away, and——!"

"Good God, what a tongue you've got!"

"Be silent, woman!"

"Horrible nagger."

"Mamma, forgive me. I've a beastly temper, but you began——!"

SHE: It does not take much fancy to fill in the answers made by the young lady. But for fear I may be accused of favoring her I append a list of her answers which, you may note, are supposed to dovetail into his sweet masculine remarks:

"I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Spoof. How do you like Brooklyn?"

"Oh—Harold! Yes, you may. Elly, for short."

"Harry — what an expressive name!"

"Yes, your little wife for life."

"No—dearest."

"I'm right, because I'm always right."

"I'll do no such thing, there!"

"You brute!"

"You got that out of Trollope's novel. You're some original—I don't think."

"No more nagger than you."

"I'll pack up and go home to my mother."

Final curtain, No. 12, on the programme; tears and kisses, promises galore, sunshine after storm, surely a moving picture—and one that rolls off life's reel, *ad infinitum*. Cheer up, boys and girls, cherries are always ripe once a year!

Oscar's Headpiece

There are only two other hats like Oscar Hammerstein's in town; one is worn by William M. Chase, the great angler of painted fish; the other is sported by Wilhelm Funk, the connoisseur of milady's furbelows and flounces. Nevertheless, the Hammerstein hat is unique, not alone because of the quality of gray matter it covers, but also by reason of its atmospheric power. It is a temperamental barometer. When the glass sets fair the tilt of the hat is uninstillable. If on the vocal horizon storm clouds begin to gather, then the hat feels the mood and rights itself like a buoy in agitated waters. Its brim settles over the eyes

(Continued on next page)

"Correspondents in all their glory went and came, seeing nothing. Here is the man who was there, who saw all that one man had time to see of the greatest moments of the present times, who was able to tell what he saw. A young attaché of the American Embassy at Paris, Eric Fisher Wood, was singled out as it seems by Fate in the same manner in which a Government sometimes picks a single newspaper witness to view and report its deeds of arms; and Fate chose carefully. Her chosen reporter had the unjaded eye which no professional of the pen can long preserve. He had the calm and courage to keep his eye at work on startling occasions when most men's senses would shy or bolt. He was cool enough to observe, yet impressionable enough to appreciate. And so he has written a book not likely to be duplicated."

—The Evening Sun, New York City.

The book The Evening Sun is talking about is

The Note-Book OF AN ATTACHÉ

Seven Months in the War Zone

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

Illustrated with fifteen photographs and facsimiles of four official documents. \$1.60 net, postage 10 cents.

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You will enjoy the National Sportsman Magazine, with its 160 richly illustrated pages, full to overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing-tackle, camp-outfits—the best places to go for fish and game, and a thousand and one valuable "How to" hints for sportsmen. The NATIONAL SPORTSMAN is just like a big campfire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and spin stirring yarns about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun.

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Send us 25 cents, stamps or coin, and we will send you the National Sportsman for three months, also one of our heavy furnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs as here shown, with seal grain leather strap and gold-plated buckle.

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The Out West Magazine
Los Angeles, California

The Seven Arts

(Continued from preceding page)

of the impresario. His staff flurry into anonymous corners. Or, the hat is pushed off the forehead; his soul is then unbuttoned. You may approach and ask for complimentary seats. A weather gauge is the hat of Oscar. What a brim. What breadth and flatness thereof. How glossy its nap, its height how amiable. To paint Oscar without his hat would be to give Hamlet without the melancholic Prince. You can't dare its owner to take it off; without it he is Alberich *sans* tarnhelm. As a Celt might say—his hat is his heel of Achilles. He is said to wear it while asleep, if he ever sleeps. Many painters have yearned to depict that hat on Oscar's dome of action, as Goya painted his own hat on his own head; as Muriel painted the hat of Degas. The Impressionists would paint it with its complementary tones; Chase would transform it into shining still-life; George Luks might make it a jest for Hades; while Arthur Davies would turn it into a symbol—the old Hebraic chant, *Kol Nidre*, would be heard echoing about its curved surfaces, as echoes the Banshee on a night of Tipperary gloom. It is a hat cosmopolitan, alert, joyous, reticent and expansive. It has caused a lot of people many sleepless moments, this sawed-off stove-pipe, with its operative airs. Why does Oscar Hammerstein wear it? For the same reason that the miller wore a hat—to keep his head warm.

Gloria Mundi

"Speak of me," quoth the novelist magnanimously, "as frankly as if I had been dead a hundred years."

"If you had been dead a hundred years, I shouldn't be speaking of you at all," replied the critic, taking prompt advantage of the dispensation.

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 26 cts. in stamps.
C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

One Way Out

For a little while they were between the devil and the deep sea.

The woman got her some dresses made, and went down to the latter.

But the man, after some hesitation, went to the former.

Bohemian Rates

VAN DAUBER: How much do you pay a week for your board and room?

SCRIBBLER: Well, some expressmen charge me a dollar and some seventy-five cents.

Lives of great men oft remind us of legal holidays.

Cork Tip or Plain End 15¢

MOGUL

EGYPTIAN CIGARETTES

JUST LIKE BEING IN CAIRO

Managers of the Trade "Turkish" Egyptian Cigarettes in the U.S.

Here is Man's Coolest Suit for July, August and September

These suits are built part upon part, seam fitted to seam, anticipating and providing for each curve and movement of the body. You will find them better than can be bought elsewhere for as low a price.

The material is the triumphal combination of cotton and worsted which has been the envy of makers who have tried to imitate it. It has a dressy appearance and washes like a handkerchief.

Eureka Cool Cloth

Sack Coat and Trousers 8.95 Norfolk Coat and Trousers 9.50

Two Other Excellent Washables

Finest Palm Beach Cloth Coat and Trousers

Sack Coat Style, 7.50; Norfolk, 7.95

Shantung Silk Coat and Trousers

Sack Coat Style, 9.50; Norfolk, 10.25

Clearance of Fine Straw Hats Now in Progress

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SEPTEMBER MORN
so handsomely embossed on these Watch Fobs, they go to them like hungry wolves. **ROSE GOLD FINISH**; twice the size shown here; genuine Leather strap. A smashing big hit!—got this classy fob and BIG MONEY agent's offer to-day, 25c, postpaid.
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A Noble Paragraph

"While warriors die and widows weep, the sovereign rulers of the warring powers withhold the word that would stop the war. No chief of state has yet said, 'I do not want war.' No one in authority has yet publicly declared his willingness to state the terms upon which his nation is ready to negotiate peace. Are not these dying men and these sorrowing women entitled to know definitely for what their nation is fighting? Is it territory? Then how much territory and where is it located? Is it the avenging of a wrong done? Then how much more blood must be spilled to make atonement for the blood already shed? Some day accumulated suffering will overflow; some day the pent up anguish which this war is causing will find a voice. Then, if not before, the rulers in the war zone will pause to listen to the stern question, 'Why do we die?'—the question which shakes thrones and marks the farthestmost limits of arbitrary power." —W. J. Bryan.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

If

If we could have clean, decent dance halls where liquor is not forced upon everyone who enters; if we could have decent public meeting-places where again liquor is not inflicted upon everyone who enters; if we could have, above all, open-air playgrounds and restaurants—and this is not an impossibility—where those who want it could get a drink with self-respect unimpaired, we should have less intemperance and less theorizing about its cure.

HAVE HEALTHY, STRONG, BEAUTIFUL EYES
Oculists and Physicians used Murine Eye Remedy many years before it was offered as a Domestic Eye Medicine. Murine is Still Compounded by Our Physicians and guaranteed by them as a Reliable Relief for Eyes that Need Care. Try it on your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes—No Smarting—Just Eye Comfort. Buy Murine of your Druggist—accept no Substitute, and if interested write for Book of the Eye Free.
MURINE EYE REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Just the Place

FERDY: Your father said if I ever asked him for your hand again he would wipe up the street with me!

ETHEL: Well, I'll tell you what, Ferdy; the next time you ask him, do it at this crossing!

In Danger

"I have often stood in a slaughter house," observed the fleshy man from Chicago, "while the butchers were killing hogs on all sides of me."

"Oh," exclaimed the tender-hearted but tactless New Haven girl, "weren't you dreadfully afraid?"

A Man of Straw

is typical of the light bottle as a container for beer.

The light bottle is just as capable of withstanding the damaging effects of light, as an army of straw men would be to protect a city against a battery of artillery.

The Brown Bottle is the Superdreadnaught in the Brewing Industry

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See that crown is branded "Schlitz"

Schlitz

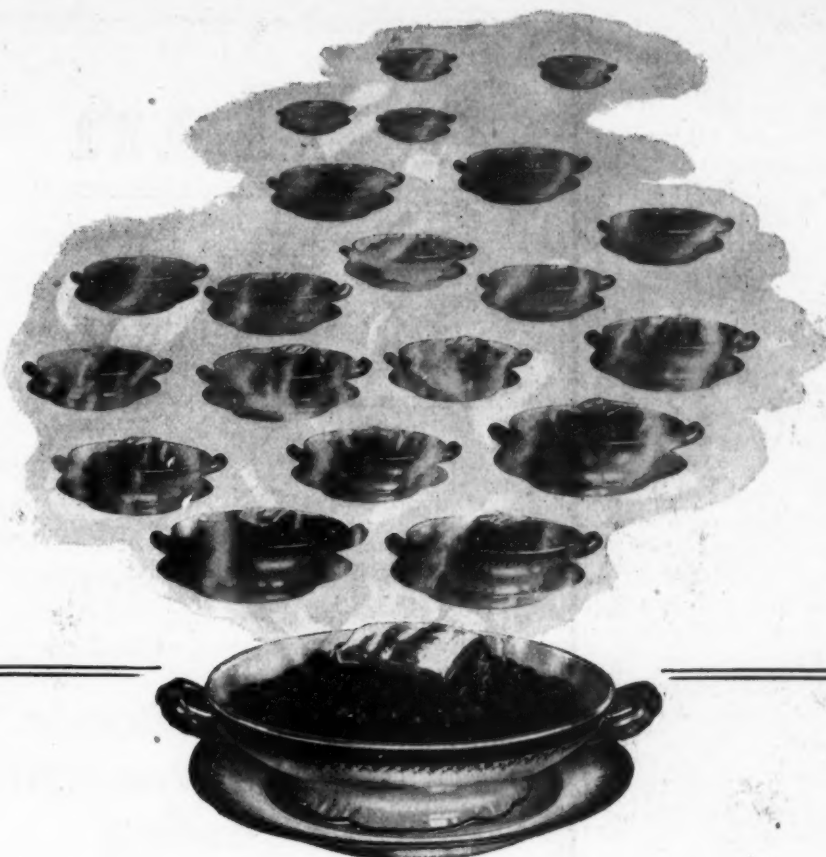
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PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 301 LAFAYETTE STREET, NEW YORK



Van Camp's Bred the Baked Bean Habit

In the pioneer days in America, Baked Beans was the national dish. Then it declined. The old-time dish wasn't dainty. And, when we worked indoors more, we found it hard to digest.

So this royal dish—more nutritious than meat—became an occasional fill-in.

Then came Van Camp's—a delicacy—zestful, mellow, whole. A million housewives flocked to it. And today, in countless homes, it saved cooking a hot-day meal. It added an hour to porch life. And it brought to the men folks a dish they delight to see.

VAN CAMP'S
PORK & BEANS BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

If you don't know Van Camp's, quite a surprise awaits you. They are not like home-baked beans—not like other brands. This dish is a unique creation.

We select the right beans by analysis. We have worked out a sparkling sauce. And we bake them together, in little parcels, by super-heated steam, and for hours.

The result is right baking—no after effects, a most appealing zest. Beans mealy yet nut-like, uncrisped and unbroken.

This dish brought Baked Beans to their own. It has made them five times as popular. It has changed a homely dish into a dainty.

All this will be proved to you in a vivid way if you order Van Camp's today. It will change immensely your summer meal regime.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.



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The B. V. D. Company

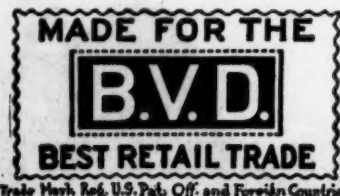
“Welcome To Camp B. V. D.”

FIRST they named it “Camp Comfort”, but they’ve changed it to “Camp B.V.D.”, because nothing calls up the thought of *Summer Comfort* so instantly as B.V.D. It’s the Underwear of red-blooded, right-living men who find clean fun in keen sport, from tramping to camping.

You—welcome to camp B.V.D. even though you’re desk-bound and town-chained! Wear it, and be *cool* and *comfortable* all summer long. It won’t bind or irritate. It lets the air at your body. It wears long and washes fine. You are sure of its quality of material, integrity of make and true-to-size fit.

On Every B.V.D. Undergarment Is Sewed This Red Woven Label

B.V.D. Union Suits (Pat.
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B.V.D. Coat Cut Undershirts and
Knee Length Drawers, 50c., 75c.,
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Firmly insist upon seeing this label and *firmly*
refuse to take any Athletic Underwear without it.

The B.V.D. Company, New York.

London Selling Agency : 66, Aldermanbury, E. C.

